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THE NEWS-MAGAZINE OF THE PENINSULA

Editor's Quill

THE persistence with which the proposition to erect a City Hall forces itself upon the notice of the tax-payers of Carmel would seem to imply that in the minds of many such an enterprise is feasible.

Not only from the standpoint of utility and sore need, but feasible as a straight-out business proposition.

When an individual or a city spends money, much or little, it is reasonable to expect that as the result of the spending there will be something to show for the outlay. For example, take street improvement or sewer construction. There you have something for your money.

In the case of rent for office quarters, the money so expended is gone and there is no evidence of anything bought or owned.

With the federal grant and a maximum bond issue Carmel could erect and own a City Hall. It is probably true that the bonds could be taken care of by what would be saved in rentals. Thus there should be no additional tax burden.

FROM some of the independent store owners comes the lament that a number of Carmelites have no feeling of obligation to the community, and that they will deliberately go to Pacific Grove or Monterey to purchase from the monstrous chain stores, goods which are available in Carmel shops.

There must be a reason for this. Apart from the fact that, by the volume of their business, chain stores are sometimes in a position to sell certain commodities more cheaply than the independent, should it not be borne in mind that a chain store is operated on the most efficient business principles. A thorough routine is observed and under all circumstances and conditions a smiling clerk is ready to serve you from a clean, attractive and orderly stock.

To misquote Ruskin "Write a better book or build a better mouse-trap and the world will beat a path to your door."

CARMEL is at the threshold of the five-day Serra Festival, which celebrates the 150th anniversary of the death of Fray Junipero Serra, "The Great Civilizer."

For many months a devoted group of local residents has labored hard and conscientiously in an effort to make this important historic and religious affair something that shall go down as an event in every way worthy of adequate recognition and honor.

The various committees have prepared a complete and interesting program of activities and attractions covering each date of the five-day celebration. The general committee is much indebted to the following for hearty cooperation and sympathy: Pacific Gas and Electric Co., Southern Pacific Co., State Chamber of Commerce, California State Automobile Association, Automobile Club of Southern California, City of Monterey, Monterey Presidio, the newspapers of the Monterey Peninsula, and many others.

Upon the cooperation and interest manifested by all Carmel and others rests the decision to make the Serra Festival an annual affair.

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REPAIR NOW

An early start for the national home renovation program on the Monterey Peninsula is now evident. Six local banks have announced that they are ready to receive applications for loans under the national housing act.

The banks are The Bank of Carmel, First National Bank of Monterey, First National Bank of Pacific Grove, Monterey Bank, Bank of America, Monterey and Pacific Grove branches.

The housing program is designed to stimulate activity in the building industry which has been dormant for several years. Under the housing act loans will be available for improvements to homes or farm buildings at reasonable interest rates.

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FOR SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

T. J. Barkle is a candidate for Superintendent of Schools of Monterey County. He has made no political promises. The paramount question before the voters is —can the office be more economically and efficiently administered in the interest of both the taxpayer and the teacher and for the best interests of our boys and girls. Mr. Barkle and others believe it possible and he promises an honest endeavor to that end.

SOPHISTICATION

You and I
Kissed,
And said
Good-bye.
No need to speak.
We had technique.
Because we know
That Life is so.

I did not discover
You, for my Lover.
Our minds, for brief
Moments touched.
But only grief
Could come to me
If I remembered
What you did to me.

Why, then, do I long
For your strong
Hands to hold
Me, and your gold
Head to bend
Down to me,
And send
Shimmering ecstacy.

The night
Is white.
And I—
Being sophisticate—
Say
Good-bye.
How complete
My Sweet!

—DOROTHY BROOKE

AN OLD WOMAN'S LAMENT

I've lost my youth, my teeth, my hair,
And can not find them anywhere!
Without my specs I can not live,
My hearing, too, is negative!
My voice is cracked, my songs unsung,
But I refuse to hold my tongue!
So long as I can hold a pen,
I mean to vex you now and then
With silly rhymes and billet-doux
In hopes to drive away the blues!

One thought consoles me! "Distance lends
Enchantment" to my far-off friends!
Perhaps the picture with them stays
Of what I was in youthful days!

—ANONYMOUS

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Serra Festival Program of Events

The complete entertainment program for the five-day Serra Festival to be held on Monterey Peninsula from Friday of this week to Tuesday of next week, has been announced by committees in charge. It features prominently the Peninsula's unmatched recreational facilities with special emphasis on the pageant to be produced at Carmel Mission and upon religious events of the festival.

Thousands of visitors from all parts of California, many of whom will be visiting the Peninsula for the first time, will be attracted here by the festival.

Friday, August 24

Morning: Beaches, swimming, golf, tennis, riding, bay fishing.

2 to 4 p.m. Band concert by courtesy of 11th Cavalry band, Presidio of Monterey. Band stand located at Ocean and San Carlos Avenues, Carmel.

5 to 6 p.m. "Rodeo Sunsets." A romance drama composed and directed by Mrs. Gilbert Hoffman. An hour of free entertainment in song, dance and pantomime, at the band stand, Carmel.

7:30 p.m. Introduction of distinguished visitors at the Mission.

8:30 p.m. First showing of "The Apostle of California" at Carmel Mission. Written and directed by George F. Marion, supported by an all-star cast.

Saturday, August 25

Morning: Beaches and sports.

2 to 4 p.m. Band concert. Band stand, Carmel.

2:00 p.m. Personally conducted auto caravan to Point Lobos State Park, Big Sur State Park, Carmel Highlands. Fifty miles of wonderland. Furnish your own cars.

5 to 6 p.m. "Rodeo Sunsets." At the band stand, Carmel.

8:30 p.m. "Apostle of California." Pageant at the Mission.

8:30 p.m. Jose Cansino and Tonia de Aragon, famous Spanish dancers, at the Sunset School Auditorium, San Carlos at 9th, Carmel. Auspices of Denny-Watrous.

8:30 p.m. "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," riotous comedy by Anatole France. At the Forest Theater on Mountain View Avenue, just off of Ocean Avenue, Carmel. Carmel's famous outdoor theater.

Sunday, August 26

10:00 a.m. Cavalcade from Ocean Avenue, Carmel, to the Mission. A parade of unusual color and pageantry, depicting in periods the life of the Monterey Peninsula from the days of the primitive Indian. Everyone in costume invited to take part, on foot or on horseback. Costumes will be permitted at the Mission services.

11:00 a.m. Pontifical High Mass at the Mission, celebrated by the Most Rev. Edw. J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco.

12:00 Noon. Light lunches may be obtained on Mission grounds.

2:00 p.m. Matinee, "The Apostle of California," at the Mission.

8:30 p.m. Mission play, "The Apostle of California," at the Mission.

8:30 p.m. "The Women Have Their Way," comedy of modern Spain by the Golden Bough Players at the Playhouse, Monte Verde between 8th and 9th, Carmel.

8:30 p.m. Jose Cansino and Tonia de Aragon, dancers, at Sunset School Auditorium, Carmel.

Monday, August 27

Morning: Beaches and sports.

9:00 a.m. Military Pontifical High Mass, at the Mission.

2 to 4 p.m. Band concert, at the band stand, Carmel.

5 to 6 p.m. "Rodeo Sunsets," at the band stand, Carmel.

8:30 p.m. "The Apostle of California," at the Mission.

8:30 p.m. "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," comedy, at the Forest Theater, Carmel.

8:30 p.m. "The Women Have Their Way," comedy, at the Playhouse, Carmel.

Tuesday, August 28

9:00 a.m. Pontifical Requiem High Mass at the Mission.

2 to 4 p.m. Band concert, Carmel.

4:00 p.m. Solemn Benediction Service, at the Mission.

8:30 p.m. Final performance of "The Apostle of California," at the Mission.

For additional information, call Carmel 508, the Serra Pageant Fiesta Headquarters, located on Dolores Street in Carmel.

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Roger Chevalier, of the San Francisco *Examiner*, is here studying portraiture with Johan Hagemeyer . . . He, by the way, was almost ecstatic over the frail beauty of Pauline Meeks.

The Theatre

It has now been definitely decided that George Arliss, who has given us Rothschild, Alexander Hamilton, Disraeli and other historic personages, will play the Duke of Wellington in his first British picture, which will be made by Gaumont-British. Victor Saville, of "Good Companions" and "I Was a Spy" fame, will direct. Production started August 20th, at Shepherds Bush.

H. M. Harwood, the dramatist, prepared the story and wrote the scenario. The particular part of Wellington's career which was chosen for the film is from the escape of Napoleon from Elba to the Second Treaty of Paris. A special feature will be made of the Duchess of Richmond's famous ball held in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo, but no spectacular battle scenes will be given.

❀ ❀

With the production of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" his latest Silly Symphony, Walt Disney turns from comedy to satire. Until now a producer of animation of famous fables and musical masterpieces he is invading the field of mystery stories by a fitting start with this daddy of them all.

New stars, appearing on the screen for the first time, will be seen in their true colors—technicolor, in fact. Cock Robin, popular sportsman, bares his redbreast to Jenny Wren, dazzling torch singer, who falls for his declarations. She quits her birds of a feather and establishes herself in his love nest for a session of bills and coos—mostly bills. Spike 'Legs' Sparrow tries to throw a little salt on her tail, and when that fails, the fireworks start. Paul Parrot, grizzled prosecuting attorney, takes the case on the wing and before you can say "hoot, hoot," he has "Legs" Sparrow up before Superior Judge Owl in night court.

What goes on from there makes the story of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" soon to be released through United Artists.

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A sense of humor is the real fountain of youth.

Book Reviews

"TO MOTHER," *edited by G. C. Wheeler.* This is a unique book. It gives us letters written by famous men and women to their mothers, dating from Henry VII to modern times. We read the words of such people as Shelley, George Washington, Macaulay, Florence Nightingale, Byron, Walt Whitman, Henry James, Lord Asquith and many others. It is fascinating to see how—when the great write home—they reveal emotions and little bonds of childhood that can never disappear. The foibles and idiosyncracies of genius and fame enliven many of the letters. A gift book of personal distinction. (Dutton)

❀ ❀

"MURDER IN THE OPERA HOUSE" *by Queena Mario.* Queena Mario, famous star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was a professional newspaperwoman in her 'teens and the conductor of several syndicated columns for New York papers. She has turned from her operatic triumphs to write a powerful mystery novel, whose setting is the very place where she has won fame—the Metropolitan Opera House. Curiously enough, the victim in her story is a star singing *Nedda* in "Pagliacci," Miss Mario's favorite role.

Consuelo Elvado, who sang *Nedda,* was a woman who inflamed men and turned women into fearful but avenging enemies. Like *Nedda's* life, her own was destined to end by violence—but at whose hand? Her husband, a socially prominent New Yorker, was crazy about her. *Lucia Bianco,* mistress of the conductor, *Perino,* had cause to hate her. The giant tenor who sang *Canio* in the opera was her discarded lover. And there were others before and behind the footlights . .

On the night of her greatest triumph as *Nedda,* she lay "dead" on the stage, and never rose to take a curtain call! Into this ingenious story Queena Mario has molded all of her rich knowledge of the great musical world centering in this famous opera house. (Dutton)

❀ ❀

Subscribe for the TOWN CRIER

"THE DUMB WIFE" ENTERTAINS

This is a review of last week's presentation of the comedy by Anatole France, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," at the Forest Theater, and a comparison with the same director's former production.

It so happens that your scribe witnessed the play in Carmel about ten years ago. In fact, he was an insignificant member of the cast. It was an indoor affair then. He can appreciate, therefore, what Producer Herbert Heron was up against at the very start. He had to take the entire action out into the open air, and this he did admirably.

As I remember it, in the other production the first act was the stronger of the two; in the present production it is the reverse.

Much more could have been made of the first act drinking scene in this, whereas the second act doctor's scene was much better worked up than in the earlier production.

Except for a too apparent restraint—it is a comedy, you know—the important roles were capably handled by Herbert Heron, Eugene Watson, Austin Reynolds and Ellen Upshaw. The supporting cast did all that could be expected of them.

"The Man Who Married a Dumb Wire" affords a good evening's entertainment. It plays again on Saturday and Monday, August 25th and 27th, thus affording many of our visitors an opportunity to attend the Forest Theater.

—W. L. O.

❀ ❀

"DON'TS" FOR BATHERS

An English authority has published some warnings for bathers, which all who love sea bathing would be wise to heed. He says:

"Don't fail to read the notices for the guidance and protection of bathers."

Other "don'ts" caution bathers against going into the sea near the outlet of any fresh-water stream; bathing near rocks when there is a sea running, bathing at dead low water; bathing immediately after a meal or when very hot; swimming out of depth if the tide is going out and the sea is rough.

❀ ❀

Beverly Walker rhapsodizing over the new All Wave Radio, which produces perfect clear tone from foreign stations. What a thrill to sit quietly at home and listen in to Europe or South America—especially if Mr. Walker were demonstrating!

Art Notes

The *Monterey Peninsula Herald* gives out the information that "an art league which will provide an outlet for aspiring artists and students of the Monterey Peninsula was taking definite shape today. The organization's initial exhibition is scheduled for September 1 at Lial's Music Shop in Monterey.

"Originally planned to be a league exclusively for art students, the association will be broadened to include artists who have not yet 'arrived.'

"Artists who fall in that class are urged to bring in their work to Lial's Music Shop before September 1. The exhibition will be non-jury and it costs nothing to exhibit. The exhibit is open to oil paintings, pastels, sculpture, water colors, pen and pencil and charcoal sketches, etc.

"Acting as a temporary board of directors, pending final organization of the league, are Clay Otto of Carmel, instructor of a life class and a widely known artist, Miss Margaret Lial, Miss Elizabeth Ingels of Monterey, James G. Merbs of Pacific Grove, and Royden Martin of Carmel Valley."

❀ ❀

LIFE CLASS CHANGES DAYS

Announcement is made that the life class, conducted by Clay Otto at Sunset School, will meet on Tuesdays and Fridays from now on, instead of on Mondays and Fridays, as heretofore. This change has been made to prevent conflict with the Carmel Music Society concerts, which are usually held on Tuesdays.

No change has been made in the time or place.

❀ ❀

Miss Betty Weber was an utterly charming hostess last week, when she gave a supper at the Indian Village, which was followed by a Treasure Hunt. Subsequently everyone danced at her home in Pebble Beach . : . Adrine Johnston, Grace Weber, Ellen Brown, Jessie Brown, Ace and Hope Sykes, Mazie Greenabough, Jean Thompson, Gordon and John Campbell, Dick Sears, Hap Hasty, Bud Todd, Tommy Warren, Spec Watson and Bud Fox. How they did hate to go home! . . .

Had occasion to call on the Manager of La Ribera Hotel the other day . . . Was greeted at the desk by such a charming man, and so young . . . Very quiet, very unassuming, and quite magnetic . . . Said I . . . all sweetly . . . "Please . . . could you arrange for me to see Mr. Overin?" . . . Says the young man. "You do . . . I am." . . . Oh! well! . . . No wonder the hotel is filled . . .!!

❀ ❀

Eva May Adcock, who ought to know, tells me that the mode for the coiffure runs to curls rather than waves, the main thing being to achieve a studied carelessness. Braids of hair to match one's own are in vogue for the evening, but this does not mean that long hair will be worn again . . . Also, no rouge . . . but eyes and mouth made up vividly . . .

❀ ❀

Did ask Dale Leidig who was to be the fortunate girl to be taken by him to Del Monte . . . He assured me that he never decided until after 6 p.m.

❀ ❀

Miss Gwen Elliott, here from San Francisco, has come to nurse at the Douglas School. She gave a very glowing account of the banquet held at the Girls' Camp on Wednesday. Gay decorations, marvellous food and entertaining speeches. Captain Perigord gave a particularly illuminating talk. Everyone dashed over to the Boys' Stockade before ending the evening round the fireplace when Taps was sounded.

❀ ❀

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hill are missing Miss Elizabeth Lyons, who has returned to Cambria after a gay visit here.

❀ ❀

On Friday at Del Monte . . . Jane Eagal, lovely in blue frock and hat to match her eyes . . . Rose Cubberson, cleverly wearing black. Ben Wallace and Johnnie Myers have excellent taste!!

Thursday night at Hermann's Inn . . . Nancy Cocke, Florence Parker and Betty Bowen having themselves a time . . . Also Charles Marsden, Alan Bacon and Jim McKay . . . Nancy, who seldom stays the evening through with the people who brought her, transferred her interests to Fred Godwin, he all divine in a white tie and tails . . .

❀ ❀

Chatting with Keith Evans in Whitney's . . . he assured me that despite the Blacksmith's Forge which does business under the same roof, he and the Plaza Fuel Company are strongly opposed to Communism . . .

❀ ❀

The Fair Sex has great cause for grief. Four of the eligible young men have left town on a temporary leave of absence. They are off down the coast for retreat and seclusion after the strenuous and gay social whirl of midsummer . . . which proved too much for them. Johnnie Sparks is taking the job of Physical Reconstructor and trainer to recondition George Aucourt, Fran Conlan, and Frank Townsend . . . Bridge will be played in the quiet of the evenings.

In the Stag Line at Del Monte . . . Dr. Conlan, looking distinguished, and his handsome son, Louie . . . Also Tommie Tooker and Don Thompson.

❀ ❀

Saturday night at the Hotel . . . Mrs. Jack Orcutt, exquisitely gowned and coiffed, cool and remote, made a charming picture as she danced with Frank Work . . . Tommie Hooper, debonnair in flannels . . . Tommie Work, suave in a dinner jacket . . . Charlie Marsden, a little "checked" . . . George Graft, not dancing . . . Dewey Clough, radiating happiness . . . Barbara Collins, all blue and white . . . Much evidence of the Army . . . Mrs. Sexton Berg, dancing with her husband . . . Florence Parker, quite striking in white . . . the whole scene a kaleidoscope . . . and the music by Pan . . .

❀ ❀

Sunday morning in Whitney's . . . Bud Marble looking for someone . . . Everyone looking for someone . . . Tommie Hooper strangely silent . . . and life still going on . . .

❀ ❀

On Saturday, August 4th, at Wrightstown, Pa., Miss Marian Hopper of Carmel and Mr. Abram C. Mott of New York and Philadelphia were married in the Chapel of the Holy Nativity. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Hopper. She is a graduate of Sunset School, the Monterey High School and of the University of California, and is a sister of Jane and James Hopper and Mrs. Elizabeth Hunkins of Carmel.

Mr. Mott is a graduate of Cornell and is in the steel manufacturing business in the East. A home has been established in Lansdale which is midway between New York and Philadelphia. He has spent two summers in Carmel.

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CLINTON J. WARREN MARRIES

Another recent wedding which will be of interest to Carmelites is that of Mr. Clinton J. Warren to Miss Louise Fleckner of Prescott and Coronado. The quiet and beautiful wedding ceremony was solemnized at the Mission Inn Chapel in Riverside.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren have left for a honeymoon in Mexico, and are building a home at the Clinton Ranch in Chula Vista.

❀ ❀

CARL MOLL ELOPES TO RENO

Congratulations to Mr. Carl Moll, who eloped to Reno on Tuesday with Miss Grace Bell, who has been a nurse recently at the Grace Deere Velie Clinic. Both of the participants in this elopement are well known in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Moll will live at the Hyde Ranch, which is managed by Mr. Moll.

❀ ❀

MAGNOLIAS

Nun-like in virgin whiteness,
Cloistered 'mid the dark and verdant leaves
You gleam from out the dusk of Night,
High above the earth, where no rude touch
Thy purity can mar.
Only the night winds may seek thee,
Or a lone bird wandering might stir
Thy eerie branch into a swaying censer,
Wafting thy fragrant incense on the langourous air;
Pale moonlight enfolds thee
In benediction—even as a whispered prayer.

—JOSEPHINE MILDRED BLANCH

❀ ❀

Saw Lieutenant and Mrs. H. B. Fisher coming back from the beach. They are visiting Mrs. Fisher's family in Pacific Grove until September, when they return to their station at March Field.

Villiage Fair

Boo—The Chamber of Horrors will make your flesh creep at the Carmel Village Fair, Friday night, August 31, and Saturday night, September 1. Gruesome relics of crimes will make yout blood run cold. But, never fear, Billie McConnell and Marian Minges will warm it up again in "Motoring Daze of 1910."

Lily Leguna, famous NBC radio star, will sing. The marvels performed by Prince Hadji Igdor Mahomet of India will thrill you, and the Electric Eye that sees all and knows all, will look right through you and read your innermost secrets.

Capping the climax of everything, Allen Knight will bury two girls alive under a ton of sand. This is all part of the free vaudeville the general admission admits you to. It can be seen to advantage from the German Beer Garden, in charge of Dr. R. A. Kocher and Fritz Wurzmann. Allen Knight's celebrated orchestra will play for the Jitney Dance. Hot food stands will furnish all the dinner you want, plus pink lemonade, pop corn and Mrs. C. J. Ryland's home made candy.

Prizes for the best arrangement of flowers at Mrs. John Neikirk's booth. Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff's rare and antique book stall will be popular, also the exhibition of Carmel Valley farm products.

But the most popular event of all is certain to be the Beauty Contest for Girls in Shorts on the big stage. Don't forget the paintings by famous resident artists to be given away to the lucky ones. If you prefer, a portrait painter will quickly sketch your classic features, or Leota Tucker will snap you pointing an elephant gun at Henry Dickinson's stuffed lion, or sitting astride the king of beasts, or on a side saddle strapped to his back. How would you like that?

The Midway in charge of Dr. David Matzke will run wide open. Tut-tut! Boys will be boys. Wives may have their fortunes told while hubbies watch Venus Rising from the Waves. Sh—lads—don't miss the Artists' Life Class. After that will be time enough to settle down to games of skill, guessing contests and countless surprise shows providing fun and laughter.

The children haven't been forgotten, either, for the Village Fair is continuous from 2 p.m. till midnight. Marian Kingsland of Del Monte Kennels is putting on a Dog Show for exhibitors under twelve. A pedigreed Cairn terrier will be given away by Mrs. Biddle Dorsey.

Louise Hasty's Educated Goose will convulse the youngsters, and the Fish Pond by Wendy Prince will test their Sir Isaac Walton-ship. And whatever you do, don't overlook the Art Grab Bag conducted by Mrs. Pat Hudgins. Don't overlook anything!

Remember registration for all events is free, so call Carmel 1001 or 774 for information.

❀ ❀

COMING AND GOING OF THE MAILS

For the information of the multitude of Carmel visitors who are not acquainted with the goings and comings of the mails, the following schedule, prepared at the Carmel Post Office, is published:

Mail Available.

Boxes and General Delivery
10:30 a.m.
3:30 p.m.
Boxes only
7:30 p.m.

Mail Departs

North and South
6:15 a.m.
5:15 p.m.
North only
12:15 p.m.

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SOCIAL CREDIT MEETING

The Social Credit study group which has been meeting in the primary room at the Sunset School will meet hereafter in the lunch room or old assembly hall of the school. The meetings are held at 7:45 on Thursday evenings and are open to the public.

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BEAUTIFUL PRINTING WORK

The finest example of the graphic arts issued in connection with the Serra Festival is the Fray Junipero Serra brochure. It was designed and printed by the Carmel Press, and is being published by the Serra Fiesta Committee.

The cover bears a three-color painting of the Mission and the brochure contains letters from the church officials, illustrations, and a short history of Father Serra set up in an interesting and authentic type.

This brochure is worthy of a place in anyone's collection of souvenirs.

❀ ❀

Handiness is the big reason for the chain stores' success.

OLD MAN OF THE SEA SCOUTS

Certainly the Sea Scouts in Carmel are very fortunate in having for their skipper, Commander M. J. Peterson, who retired from the Navy on account of a broken hip.

An interesting story of the Sea Scouts . . . Some time ago two boys, Ed Burnham and Nils Edquist started to build a sail-boat. They had fashioned the hull, when young Burnham joined the Navy. Now Commander Peterson and Edquist are finishing the boat, which will be used by the Sea Scouts. It is a 22-foot ketch-rigged vessel.

Much advice in the construction and rigging of the boat has most generously been given by Captain H. M. Gleason, who for sixteen years was industrial manager of the Navy Yard at New Island, and constructed the U.S.S. California.

Commander Peterson must be a very great inspiration to the Sea Scouts. He impresses one instantly as being representative of the highest type of American. Honest, grave blue eyes, bronze and weather-beaten complexion, obviously accustomed to giving commands, because he had learned to obey them without question. May we remark that it would be a splendid thing for the country if men like him would go in for politics.

❀ ❀

DOGS OF HIGH DEGREE

Miss Marion Kingsland, owner of Del Monte Kennels, has good cause for pride, for she has returned from the Golden Gate Dog Show with flying colors for her Welsh terriers. She is quite accustomed to this . . . her *Joe Cinderkin of Halcyon,* a tried champion, again took first in the show for "best of breed." Her *Del Monte Gwynedd* was first in the Winners Bitches . . . and *Gregory Towne* first in the Puppy Class.

Any dog lover is advised to run over to these Kennels, which are superbly kept. The pedigreed Welsh terriers are well represented . . . and there are some new puppies sired by *Joe* . . . (I fell in love with the runt). There are a few visitors too . . . including Mrs. Francis Dorsey's Cairn, usually know as *Bridget,* who just took first at the show in the Limit Bitches Class.

But do go and see them for yourself . . . Frank Andrews, who manages the Kennels, will be able to tell you more about them than I can. —D. B.

❀ ❀

In business, each day is a fresh adventure.

One's Life Record

An Anonymous Autobiography

(The first instalment of this feature was printed in last week's CRIER under the erroneous caption "Our Hollywood Letter." Our apologies are due to the author, and our only explanation must be that Homer nodded occasionally. ED)

(Continued from last week)

A healthy young animal was I in those days, for Faneuil Hall was merely a dour building set in a raw-smelling market square. The sole function of the Old South Church, as far as I was concerned, was to mark the junction of Milk and Washington Streets. Boston Common, its elms and sacred turf, was just a patch of grass bounded on its higher slope by aristocratic Beacon Street and the gilded dome of the State House.

Fourth of July and Christmas were the only worth-while days on my youthful calendar. The other days stretched out into weeks punctuated by abominable Sundays when I sat stiff-necked in the family pew and listened to the preacher.

This was the age of torchlight processions. On the slightest possible excuse long lines of men and boys would form, each with a flaring kerosene torch. I was too young to take an active part, but from the upper windows of our house I could look down Lambert Avenue and view the pageant. The roll of the drums, heard long after the flame-pricked human serpent had wound its way out of sight, stirred me. I thought I'd like to be a soldier.

But I was fickle. I had discovered the escape afforded by the forbidden literature of the day, and with *Frank Reade* and his "Steam Man" I rolled over the Pampas and across the African Veldt. With *Deadwood Dick* and other choice characters from the Beadle Dime Library, I rode the Western Plains and helped avenge the wrongs of the powerless. I decided then I wanted to be a cowboy.

My parents decided otherwise. When I finished with the Dudley Street Grammar, other schools and colleges would follow. And when Harvard Medical had done with me, I was to be a doctor—a surgeon worthy of stepping into my grandfather's shoes.

In the end, however, diphtheria decided. It robbed me of my father. It drove my widowed mother and her brood of four to an humble cottage in Randolph. There was a bit of life insurance, there were loving relatives and kind neighbors, but economy was now the watchword. I was a boy of eleven, robust, tall, apparently much older. It was up to me to get in the wood, to help with the chores, to prepare myself, as it were, to become the Man of the family. That I was false to the responsibility thrust upon me was due in part to the attitude of my new schoolmates.

They looked upon me as a city boy, a "smart Aleck." I found myself endowed with a reputation I scarcely deserved, and quite naturally I tried to live up to it. I succeeded. I daresay I became the worst boy in town.

One of my first escapades was that of fetching a snake to Sunday school. It was a harmless reptile of the garter variety, but as it wriggled its way toward the Bible Class, a deacon espied it and a near-riot was precipitated. I was reported and punished, but to my intense glee a part of the punishment consisted of being barred from Sunday school.

Expulsion from the Grammar School followed shortly. I had slipped an old rubber boot into the hot air box of the big furnace. As the vile fumes sifted up through the registers, the pupils had been dismissed for the day. The principal, the janitor and the town plumber had made a diagnosis. The guilt was fixed upon me. Now, free of schools and with a deservedly bad reputation fastened upon me I began to take up practical joking in a big way. Odors became my first specialty; colors my second—and last.

Free to rummage about among the shelves in a rear room of the village drug store owned by my doctor-grandfather, I discovered a wide-mouthed jar containing certain crystals which later I was to learn were a deliquescent compound of sulphur and carbon. I broke the seal and investigated. To my intense delight I found an evil smelling substance which would put to shame a goat or skunk. A small crumb of it placed in the drawer of a desk in a warm room meant a call for the carpenter to rip up the floor to see what might be found. Or a wee bit of it slipped in the pocket of one of the local Beau Brummels would make a pariah of him within the hour. The crystals were full of possibilities. I studied them.

Schools were out of the question. I was barred from them all. But the reading-room on the second floor of the Turner Free Library was still available, and on it I turned my thoughts. Randolph was a shoe-manufacturing town giving employment to many hundreds of operatives. Scores of these thrifty souls, once the six o'clock whistle had sounded and they had bolted their suppers, were wont to seek the comfortable warmth and chairs of the reading-room, there to relax from the cares of the day while seeking mental pap in the columns of the Boston *Evening Traveler* and Brockton *Enterprise*. Good and sober fellows were they, not given to patronizing the back rooms of the blind-pigs of the period. I resolved to give them a thrill.

On a chill December evening I slipped into the crowded reading-room and took my post near one of the hissing radiators. A bound file of the *Youth's Companion* in one hand, two large nuggets of the chemical in the other, I waited until I thought I'd be unobserved and then placed the lumps atop the radiator. There was no time to be lost now. I hastened from the room, washed my hands, and took up a station in the shadows of a livery stable across the way. Results followed quickly, for came a thundering on the stairs of the library, and sundry factory hands issued forth. The exodus was general, hurried; the evacuation complete. For the last to leave his ship was the silver-haired captain-librarian, his keys in one hand, his nose clamped between the thumb and fingers of the other.

Next day, I think it was, a committee called on my mother. I'd been seen placing something on the radiator, which after my departure had melted and given forth a devastating stink. Already I'd contaminated both Grammar and Sunday schools. Something had to be done about it. A family council was held, and in the end I was packed off to a private school near New London, Connecticut. There for nearly two years I learned little from books but much from the shore and waters of Long Island Sound.

(To be continued next week)

PERRY NEWBERRY LEAVES PINE CONE

After many years of service to Carmel as owner and editor of the Carmel *Pine Cone*, Perry Newberry this week sold his half interest in the paper to Mr. Ross Miller of Bakersfield.

Perry's many friends will miss him in the newspaper field, but will be glad that he will now be able to have a well-deserved rest, broken only by writing the sort of stories for which he is so well known.

SERRA THE MAN

By Frank Sheridan

A few of us realize the immensity of the appeal of the man, Serra, to "us moderns"; it is so subtle. We live here in a modern civilization, negligent of most things that do not touch us personally—selfish to a degree—yet underneath it all, there is a wave of sentiment that at times sweeps over us to the exclusion of everything else.

Junipero Serra, the unselfish one, sacrificed himself, as did his Master, in trying to lift his fellow man out of the depths of degrading savagery and ignorance. It is that spirit that carried Serra through hundreds of miles of desert waste, racked by fever—at times not able to walk, but his indomitable will carried him over the appalling obstacles that would have made most of us turn back to the comforts of the civilization that he left behind. It is that spirit of his that leads us today to give a little study to the life of this man who came thousands of miles to these unknown regions, in order to give to others some of the joy and comfort that came to him from communion with the One he adored.

I have searched my brain for words to describe my admiration for Junipero Serra, but I can find nothing that will equal those of George Marion, that I, *The Oracle*, speak from the tower of the Mission church, standing there among the bells that called his beloved children to worship the Savior:

"Junipero Serra stands out as one of the greatest figures in the history of Alta California, devoting himself unselfishly to the regeneration of a savage people—a task of human appeal, and as a result, men of all faiths have united in venerating the memory of California's Apostle to the Indians. To the Californian, he means the story of the past. He possessed the traits needed by the pioneer. He stands as a symbol of the Argonaut.

"We next find him planning the Mission at Carmel in 1771, having won the love of the savage hordes. He, good Shepherd of the Fold, has pictured to them the story of Bethlehem; of the Babe in the Manger; the Word of the Master; the Way of the Cross;—like St. Francis, ardent and simple—always aiming directly at the heart. With such sincerity they could not doubt the sanctity of the Mother Church. They come with joy and deep emotion to attend the consecration of the corner-stone of the Mission Carmelo."

I think that those few lines completely tell the make-up—soul and body—of the "Man of Majorca," who laid aside comforts and peace for hardships and care to help the unfortunate.

Is anything more needed to spur us on to pay the homage due to Serra, the great Franciscan.

FOREST THEATER

I wonder what the typical Carmelite thinks about the Forest Theater? Isn't he or she all too prone to accept it as a thing that will go on forever, since it has been producing plays every summer for twenty-five years? Isn't he now afraid that this is going to turn into a romantically written description of the "whispering pines, twinkling stars, becoming sea, pale moon, and the Forest Theater"?

I am not going to write a rosy description of the unforgettable experience of seeing a play at the Forest Theater. I am going to endeavor to follow the spirit if not the letter of instructions to "write something about the history of Carmel's outdoor theater, so that the Serra Fiesta visitors may know and appreciate it."

A great many people are of the opinion that we should substitute for our modern sordid matter-of-factness a spirit of romance, etc. While that may be true in many cases, I feel that exactly the opposite should apply to the Forest Theater. Forgetting romance, for the moment at least, I will get to what is supposed to be the important part of this article and attempt to inform newcomers and visitors and such forgetful Carmelites that there be as to the history of the oldest outdoor theater in California.

In the summer of 1910 Herbert Heron, around whom centers most of the so-called romance of the Forest Theater, started a small organization of amateur players. By various means that organization has weathered the well-known storms that beset all dramatic groups and prospered (in the matter of accomplishments, not in the realms of finance), and is now entering into its twenty-sixth year of existence.

The Forest Theater is perched (that word best describes one's impression) on the side of a wooded slope in the Eighty Acres section of Carmel. There are a number of lanes winding through the trees which would furnish a direct route to those who live in Carmel Woods or down on the Point. But I would never advise using them, mainly because they are a maze even to old-timers in Carmel. The only nearly-infallible way is to go down, or up, depending where you live, to Ocean Avenue, the paved street. Follow it away from the ocean, past the business district, to the foot of the hill that leads to Monterey, where you turn off on a diagonal street, Mountain View Avenue. The Theater is near the end of this short street. It can easily be recognized by the sign of *Pan*, who is at the end of the lane leading up to the theater itself.

To get back to the Forest Theater grounds—a few trees have been cleared off the hillside to make room for the benches for the audience. But that is about as far as the clearing went. The stage is literally dotted with pines, as we might say. They really do lend a great deal of atmosphere and enclose the entire auditorium, ensuring warmth in windy weather, and providing marvelous acoustics.

This talk about atmosphere naturally returns me to another discussion of the "romantic atmosphere" of the Forest Theater. You remember, I warned you earlier that I was "forgetting romance for the moment" only.

At heart I may really believe all of the romantic stories about the Forest Theater. Since I see that this may be true, I feel that I have a definite obligation also to present that side of the story. In the past many reams have been written describing the Forest Theater. Though this condition will probably continue to exist for many years, I think I can fitly end this by a short quotation, the very presence of which justifies the writing of those romantic reams. The quotation is from a statement by one of the best known figures in America on the stage and screen. I refer to George Marion, the portrayer of *Shylock* in the "Merchant of Venice" at the Forest Theater last year, who this year is director, author and star of the pageant, "The Apostle of California":

"One cannot over-estimate the joy of viewing the portrayal of drama environed by the beauties of nature . . . the encircling trees, the banks of foliage . . . a vista that no artist's brush could duplicate; a spectacle, that no walled theatre could compete with, comes into being on the hillside . . . nature's amphitheatre; an auditorium hedged in by trees; the stage a vista of wooded giants that top their way to the stars. The spirit of beauty greets you on all sides.

"It was a privilege that the ancient Greeks and Romans enjoyed, viewing the creations of the dramatist under the canopy of the sun or stars, and to miss the enjoyment of the opportunity that Carmel of all places best affords, is to deny yourself a gift of the Gods."

This Saturday and the following Monday, August 25 and 27, at 8:30 p.m., an opportunity will be afforded the visitors to Carmel to see the delightful comedy by Anatole France, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," at the Forest Theater.

SOCIAL CREDIT

With this issue the CRIER presents the first of a series of twelve articles on Social Credit, written by David Warren Ryder, the San Francisco writer and economist, originally printed in the San Francisco *News* and reprinted in the Ottawa (Canada) *Evening Citizen*.

Social Credit is rapidly spreading over the United States and elsewhere and people everywhere are studying this proposal for the solution of the problems of our country, which seems to offer the only sure, sound and sane answer to the return of prosperity.

After studying the Social Credit proposals, one can easily see the evident fallacies of the Sinclair EPIC plan, the pension plan of Townsend, social insurance, and the various isms such as Communism, Fascism, and Socialism.

Other articles will follow, and the CRIER will welcome comments and criticisms from its readers on this subject. ED.

Suppose you saw a man with an ordinary, old-fashioned wheelbarrow trying to carry away the dirt being dug up by a big, modern steam-shovel—what would you think?

And suppose if, after watching this rather amusing but more pathetic and idiotic process for a few minutes and seeing the dirt pile up 20 times as fast as the wheelbarrow could remove it, you walked around the corner and saw three big motor trucks, all equipped to handle huge loads of dirt, standing there idle and driverless—what would you think?

And then suppose you went back the next day, just to see how the job was progressing, and found that now there were two steam-shovels working and still only the man with his wheelbarrow to carry away the dirt—what would you think about the man who was running that excavation job?

Well, that is just about what some outspoken people in England, Australia and New Zealand are now saying about the men who there, here and in every other so-called civilized country, keep on trying to make an obsolete wheelbarrow system of distribution serve a modern steam-shovel system of production.

Since Mr. Watt invented the steam-engine, they say, production has been revolutionized—the details are too familiar to us all to need recounting.

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Thus, they assert, we are today starving in the midst of plenty because, while we have learned how to produce enough of everything for everybody, we have not learned how to distribute it: we are still foolishly sticking to the old monetary or financial system in use when all production was by slow hand labor. It was adequate then, they freely admit; but it is now out of date and inadequate as the tallow candle or oxcart.

There was never so much wheat in the world, they point out, yet millions cannot buy so much as a loaf of bread. There never was so much of almost everything we commonly need and want: Brazil burns millions of pounds of coffee; every country tries to restrict the output of this, that or the other article; yet millions clamor for those very things. Millions of men and women are crying for goods and services, and thousands of factories, capable of producing those goods and services, stand idle.

Why? ask these outspoken people, and answer by saying simply, "Lack of money." There is no scarcity of raw material. There is no lack of plant capacity. There is no want of skilled, efficient labor. But there is a very marked scarcity of money. Thus the problem is entirely a financial, a money problem.

"Very well," some of us may say, "and what of it? We know that already. Tell us something we don't already know." And our outspoken friends from over the water answer: "All right, we will; we'll tell you why there is a shortage of money and how—exactly and simply—to solve the problem."

First, they give us a detailed appraisal of the existing financial system—how it originated and developed. Then—but I am getting ahead of my story. Someone is sure to have asked long before this: "Who are these people, anyway?" Which is a very proper question and one that I'll answer now, reserving for other articles the plans they have for wiping out poverty, debt, unemployment and war.

There is a rapidly growing group of these people, who call themselves the "new economists," and their program the "new economics," to distinguish it from the old "scarcity" economics.

The leader and founder of the group is Major C. H. Douglas. He is a Scot, a cousin of Lord Weir, educated at Cambridge University and trained to be a civil engineer. He went to India in charge of Westinghouse interests, and remained some time, being thrown considerably into the company of the comptroller general of India and thereby becoming interested in the subject of money and credit.

He returned to England to build railways, but with the beginning of the World War was appointed assistant di-

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rector of the Royal Aircraft Works. There he found it necessary to study cost accounting very closely, and was one day struck with the idea that the total of wages and salaries paid each week by the Royal Aircraft Works was not equal to the price of the goods produced, and that consequently it must be the fact that the total purchasing power distributed by British industry as a whole was not sufficient during any given period to purchase the products made during that period.

Since the war he has devoted himself entirely to speaking and writing in behalf of monetary and financial reform. His first book, "Economic Democracy," was published in 1922. In this he held that democracy could survive only if it recognized and solved the economic problem, and urged strongly that lack of economic freedom made all other so-called freedom largely meaningless.

Following this came his "Social Credit," and then "The Monopoly of Credit," in both of which he pointed out the inadequacy and general ineptness, from the standpoint of modern needs, of the existing financial system, and urged changes which would modernize it.

Since then he has published numerous books and pamphlets, all elaborating his basic idea and plan.

At present Major Douglas is living in London, devoting all his time as well as his other resources to the program of monetary reform which he and his associates have agreed upon.

The man next in importance in the group, I should say—and I hope I shall not offend by these rather dogmatic appraisals—is Prof. Frederick Soddy of Oxford, who two years ago won the Nobel Prize for chemistry. He joined the movement somewhat later than Major Douglas, and he and the latter are in some slight disagreement as to the practical application of the plan, but agree on fundamentals.

His books, "Wealth, Virtual Wealth and Debt," "Man Versus Money," "The Wrecking of a Scientific Age," and "The Paradox of Plenty," are most interestingly devoted to a portrayal of the way in which man has permitted the fruits of science and invention to be set at naught by his maintenance of an archaic financial system.

P. W. Martin is another member of the new economic group, and his book, "The Flaw of the Price System," is another readable account of how distribution has bogged down under the weight of an obsolete money system.

Perhaps the most widely read member is H. M. Hattersley, Oxford graduate and master of arts. He often is spoken of as "Douglas' Huxley," and his book, "*This* Age of Plenty," has gone through three editions in the past year. It probably is the most detailed and compact account of "Social Credit" ever written, and a bit easier reading than are some of Douglas' works.

(To be continued next week)

❀ ❀

Roberta Ulrich, all slender and ethereal, off to the Presidio Hop with Jim McKay . . . Lucky Jim!

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THE "NEW MORALITY"

With the advent of the New Deal there has appeared a new philosophy of morality. Not that the two are necessarily related but they are, at any rate, coincident.

The old morality was posited on the concept of a relationship between cause and effect; that initiative, industry, honesty and self-restraint, operating as cause, produced, as effect, well-being in both tangible and intangible form. The tangible we call wealth, the intangible we call self-respect and self-reliance.

But in this strange new philosophy of which we are hearing much today no such relationship is considered.

The slogan—first promulgated in Russia—"From each according to his ability; to each according to his need," completely disregards the ethical aspects of either "ability" or "need."

What constitutes a man's ability to share a surplus above his own needs or why another finds himself in the position of requiring that another share with him, are not considerations of the "new morality."

The theory is simply to take from him who has and give to him who has not even though he who has may have accumulated his surplus through self-denial and arduous toil and the other may have arrived at his state of requiring charity because of self-indulgence, shiftlessness or, as is not infrequently the case, because of a determination to force others to support him.

There can be no discrimination between the worthy and the unworthy, between the righteous and the unrighteous in any such blanket theory of enforced distribution of wealth as is being put

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"The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"
FOREST THEATER at 8:30 p.m.
Anatole France's Comedy at Famous Outdoor Theater

SUN.

"The Women Have Their Way"
THE PLAYHOUSE at 8:30 p.m.
Gay Modern Spanish Comedy by Golden Bough Players

Cansino and De Aragon, Spanish Dancers
SUNSET SCHOOL AUDITORIUM at 8:30 p.m.

MON.

"The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" by Anatole France
FOREST THEATER at 8:30 p.m.

"The Women Have Their Way" Spanish Comedy
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Self determination, as applied to small nations, was one of the moral objectives of the war. It is the ultimate objective of humanity. It is the distinguishing characteristic of the human being as opposed to the animal.

Animals live on sufferance of human beings. If man chooses to relieve the ani-

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Russell Scott is a lawyer with 17 years continuous practice of his profession in Monterey County. He has been city attorney of Salinas for the past six years, and was formerly District Attorney of Monterey County. ¶ He seeks only the Democratic nomination. ¶ Scott was an elected Delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago in 1932, where he helped carry the California Delegation for Roosevelt. ¶ He has since occupied the position of NRA Chairman of Monterey County, and National Emergency Chairman of Monterey County. ¶ He advocates, among other things, immediate agricultural relief for California and this District, more adequate and modern military and naval defense to our coast line, old age pensions along practical lines, and unemployment insurance. ¶ He will support President Roosevelt and the Recovery Program, as he has always done in the past.

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mal of economic pressure he does so—in his own interest and not that of the animal.

The right to the "trial and error" method of what appears to be the riddle of existence, is the highest right to which man can aspire. It is the right for which he has most fiercely struggled throughout the ages. Denial of this right is slavery. It reduces the human being to the status of the animal.

The character-building effects of failure, of hardship, are undefinable and wholly incalculable. Ominscience, alone, knows their value or lack of value.

But the right of the individual to risk failure, to face misfortune and hardship in furtherance of some objective dear to his heart, is beyond dispute unless one assumes that there is a human substitute for Omniscience, some human autocratic power which may dictate terms of living to all people.

This "new morality" makes exactly that assumption. It declares that "the state" shall assure economic security to every citizen regardless of the sort of effort put forth by the citizens.

To be sure, it says that all must "work." But none may choose the character of his work. To permit that would vitiate the whole scheme.

The weakness of the argument lies in the fact that the creative impulse cannot survive under tutelage.

Inspiration tolerates no arbitrary shackles.

The adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention" might well be amplified "so also is the hope of high reward."

Assurance of relief from economic pressure and certainty of having to share the high reward, willy-nilly, would most certainly militate against inventive genius.

The argument that misfortune is al-

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ways unavoidable; that the down-and-outer is always the innocent victim of his more prosperous neighbor's greed; that old age means helplessness and futility, is the argument of defeatism.

Even if the "new moralists" could succeed in substituting economic security for the constitutional guarantee of equality of opportunity, then indeed would the "forgotten man" be forgotten.

The intelligentsia, the men who were smart enough to put forth these sophistries and convince the unthinking would become the husbandmen of a human barnyard whose individuals had sold their birthright for the "mess of pottage."

Americans will not do it.

—*Agnes Morley Cleaveland*

❀ ❀

The trouble with committees is that they are always wondering what others will think; they seem to have slight confidence in their own judgment.

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SPANISH DANCERS

A feature of Serra week is the dance recital by Jose Cansino and Tonia de Aragon, famous dancing pair of Madrid, in the Sunset School Auditorium, on Saturday and Sunday evenings of this

The Cansino family is famous for its skill in the dance. Jose. Cansino, who with Tonia de Aragon gives the program danced in Madrid when he was but four years old. Trained by his father, Antonio Cansino, Spain's best known master and teacher of authentic dances, Jose has become a master of the dance. His skill, his grace, and his youthful flaming figure have but few rivals among Spanish dancers.

Tonia de Aragon was adopted by Elisa Cansino when she was but a child, her gift for the dance attracting the attention of the famous family. Tonia became practically a member of the family group, and she and Jose have become widely know as a dancing team.

The costumes of the pair have been described as "ravishingly beautiful," completing the stage picture ov vivid color, rhythmic grace and movement.

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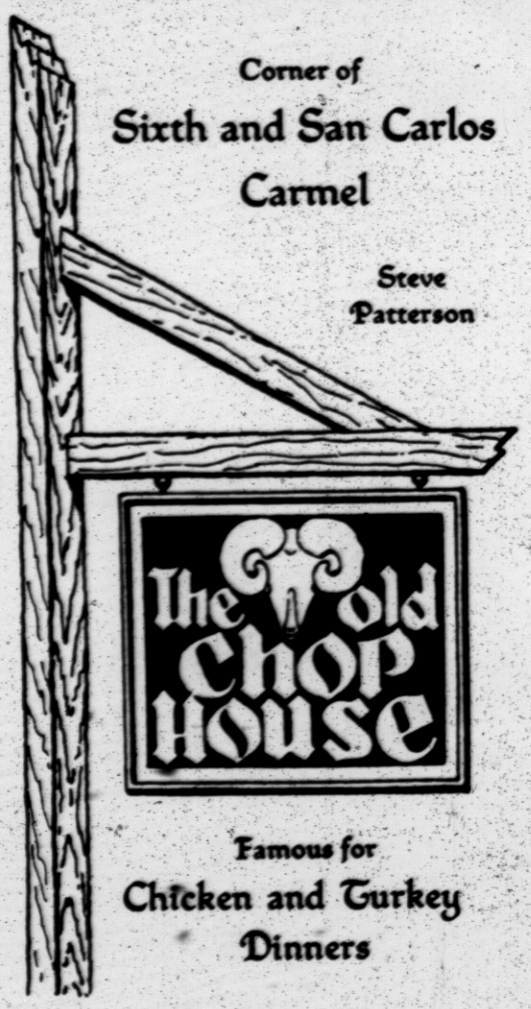
Steve
Patterson



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